THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 19, 1803.

Curious Pariſian Modes of procuring a Subſiſtence.

[From Karamſin's Travels.]

Paris, May.

WHICH would be the moſt intereſting deſcription of Paris? An account of the monuments of art, diſperſed as it were in every ſtreet, of curioſities of every kind, and of objects of magnificence and taſte, is, no doubt of great value; but I would not give one ſhort ſketch of the characters of the moſt celebrated men at Paris who do not live in palaces; but for the moſt part in garrets unknown, and in the midſt of poverty; this would afford a wide field for the collector of anecdotes! for here poverty often teaches people the moſt ſingular means of getting a livelihood; how many are there here who have not a ſingle ſous of certain income, and yet daily appear well-dreſſed at the Palais Royal, in the theatres, and public walks; and who, were we to judge from their looks, live as free from care as the fowls of Heaven—but how is this done? In many different ways—they have methods, without number, of gaining ſomething which is not known in any place but Paris.

Thus for example: a well-dreſſed man, of a noble appearance, who, over his diſh of *bavaroiſe*, talks fluently, tells all kinds of pleaſant anecdotes, and jokes with great eaſe and freedom, may be ſeen every day in the Caffé de Chartres; and how does he live? By the ſale of bills paſted up, which every night, when all others are aſleep, he tears down from the corners of the ſtreets, and carries it to the paſtry-cooks, who give him a few ſous for his trouble. He then lays himſelf down quietly on his bundle of ſtraw, in ſome *grenier*, and ſleeps ſounder than many a Crœſus.

Another who is ſeen every day at the Thuilleries, and the Palais-Royal, and who, by his dreſs, might be taken for an eccleſiaſtic, is a farmer; and what kind of a one do you think? He farms the hair-pins which are loſt in the Italian theatre. When the curtain drops, and the company are leaving the houſe, he makes his firſt appearance in it: and while the lights are extinguiſhing, he goes from box to box in order to ſearch for the loſt pins; not one of them eſcapes his lynxean eye, let it lie where it may; and when the laſt candle is extinguiſhed our farmer picks up his laſt pin, and with the hope of not dying next morning of hunger, haſtens to the broker to ſell him his treaſure.

When I viſited the Mazarine library for the firſt time, and ſtood between the book-caſes, uncertain to what ſide I ſhould firſt direct my eyes, an old man approached, and addreſſed me as follows: "Would you like to ſee the moſt remarkable books and manuſcripts?" and ſo ſaying, he began to point out and explain the rarities in the library. I conſidered him at firſt as the librarian, but I was miſtaken; he was a ſtranger who had obtained permiſſion from the keeper of the library, to ſerve the amateurs of literature as a living catalogue. Thirty years he has gained his bread in this manner: he is contented with whatever he gets, be it an écue, or only a few ſous.

The Pariſian beggars always endeavour to maintain a decent appearance; they receive alms without bluſhing; but for a harſh word they are ready to aſſaſſinate one—for they wear ſwords.

In this gallery of remarkable perſons, a ſtoic of this city, known under the name of Quatorze Oignons, ought not to be forgotten. He is a real Diogenes, who denies himſelf every thing, even the moſt urgent neceſſaries. By profeſſion he is a porter, and his whole property conſiſts of a baſket, which he employs during the day to carry any thing for hire, and in the night makes it an alcove, under which he ſleeps perfectly ſound on the bare ground, or wherever he can. For forty years he has carried his baſket, which he patches when neceſſary, and which is thus, from time to time, renewed, as the human body is according to the phyſicians. Fourteen onions form his daily nouriſhment, to this he is not at all conſtrained by want; on the contrary, he gives to the poor who aſk for alms, and lends money without ever demanding it back. He earns daily from three to four livres, and by theſe means can be a friend and benefactor to many. He ſpeaks little, but with energy. He is acquainted with ſeveral literati. L——, the chymiſt, once aſked him if he was happy? "I believe ſo," replied the philoſopher. "But in what does your happineſs conſiſt?" "In labour, reſt, and want of care." "Add alſo, in beneficence, for I know you do a great deal of good." "In what manner?" "You give to the poor." "I give them only my ſuperfluity." "Do you pray

alſo

alſo to God?" "I thank him." "For what?" "For myſelf." "You are not afraid of death?" "Neither of death nor life." "Do you ever read?" "I have not time." "But are you not ſometimes dull?" "I am never idle." "Do you envy any one?" "I am contented with my own lot." "You are a real philoſopher." "I am a man." "I wiſh to have your friendſhip." "All mankind are my friends." "But there are bad men?" "I am not acquainted with them."

To my great regret I did not ſee this modern Diogenes. He diſappeared at the commencement of the revolution, and many are of opinion that he is no longer in exiſtence. This may ſerve as a proof, that among the loweſt claſſes there may be practical philoſophers.

Correſpondence between his Majeſty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Mr. Addington, on the Offer of Military Service made by his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

(COPY.)

SIR, *Carlton-Houſe, July* 18, 1803.

THE ſubject on which I addreſs you preſſes ſo heavily on my mind, and daily acquires ſuch additional importance, that notwithſtanding my wiſh to avoid any interference with the diſpoſition made by his majeſty's miniſters, I find it impoſſible to withhold or delay an explicit ſtatement of my feelings, to which I would direct your moſt ſerious conſideration.

When it was officially communicated to parliament that the avowed object of the enemy was a deſcent on our kingdoms, the queſtion became ſo obvious, that the circumſtances of the times required the voluntary tender of perſonal ſervices; when parliament, in conſequence of this repreſentation, agreed to extraordinary meaſures for the defence of theſe realms alone, it was evident the danger was not believed dubious or remote. Animated by the ſame ſpirit which pervaded the nation at large, conſcious of the duties which I owe to his majeſty and the country, I ſeized the earlieſt opportunity to expreſs my deſire of undertaking the reſponſibility of a military command. I neither did, nor do preſume on ſuppoſed talents as entitling me to ſuch an appointment. I am aware I do not poſſeſs the experience of actual warfare; at the ſame time I cannot regard myſelf as totally unqualified or deficient in military ſcience, ſince I have long made the ſervice my particular ſtudy. My chief pretenſions were founded on a ſenſe of thoſe advantages which my example might produce to the ſtate, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of thoſe expectations

which the public had a right to form as to the perſonal exertions of their princes at a moment like the preſent. The more elevated my ſituation in ſo much the efforts of zeal became neceſſarily greater, and I confeſs that if duty had not been ſo paramount, a reflection on the ſplendid atchievements of my predeceſſors would have excited in me the ſpirit of emulation; when, however, in addition to ſuch recollections, the nature of the conteſt in which we are about to engage was impreſſed on my conſideration, I ſhould, indeed, have been devoid of every virtuous ſentiment, if I felt no reluctance in remaining a paſſive ſpectator of armaments, which have for their object the very exiſtence of the Britiſh empire.

Thus was I influenced to make my offer of ſervice, and I did imagine that his majeſty's miniſters would have attached to it more value. But when I find that, from ſome unknown cauſe, my appointment ſeems to remain ſo long undetermined; when I feel myſelf expoſed to the obloquy of being regarded by the country as paſſing my time indifferent to the events, which menace, and inſenſible to the call of patriotiſm, much more of glory, it then behoves me to examine my rights, and to remind his majeſty's miniſters, that the claim which I have advanced, is ſtrictly conſtitutional and juſtified by precedent, and that in the preſent ſituation of Europe, to deny my exerciſing it, is fatal to my own immediate honour, and the future intereſts of the crown.

I can never forget that I have ſolemn obligations impoſed on me by my birth, and that I ſhould ever ſhew myſelf foremoſt in contributing to the preſervation of the country. The time is arrived when I may prove myſelf ſenſible of the duties of my ſituation, and of evincing my devotion to that ſovereign, who, by nature as well as public worth, commands my moſt affectionate attachment.

I repeat, that I ſhould be ſorry to embarraſs the government at any time, moſt particularly at ſuch a criſis. But, ſince no event in my future life can compenſate me for the misfortune of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men deſtined to oppoſe an invading enemy, I cannot forego the earneſt renewal of my application.

All I ſolicit is, a more oſtenſible ſituation than that in which I am at preſent placed; for, ſituated as I am, as a mere colonel of a regiment, the major-general commanding the brigade of which ſuch a regiment muſt form a part, would juſtly expect and receive the full credit of pre-arrangement and ſucceſsful enterpriſe.

I remain, Sir,

Very ſincerely your's,

(Signed) G. P.

Right Hon. Henry Addington, &c. &c.

July

July 26, 1803.

A week has now elapſed ſince the Prince of Wales tranſmitted to Mr. Addington a letter on a ſubject of the higheſt importance; though he cannot anticipate a refuſal to ſo reaſonable a demand, he muſt ſtill expreſs ſome ſurpriſe that a communication of ſuch a nature ſhould have remained ſo long unanſwered.

When the Prince of Wales deſired to be placed in a ſituation which might enable him to ſhew the people of England the example of zeal, fidelity, and devotion to his ſovereign, he naturally thought that he was only fulfilling his appropriate duty, as the firſt ſubject of the realm in which it has pleaſed providence to cauſe him to have been born, ſo he is determined to maintain himſelf by all thoſe honourable exertions which the exigencies of theſe critical times peculiarly demand. The motives of his conduct cannot be miſconceived or miſrepreſented. He has, at a moment when every thing is at ſtake that is dear and ſacred to him and to the nation, aſked to be advanced in military rank, becauſe he may have his birth-right to fight for, the throne of his father to defend, the glory of the people of England to uphold, which is dearer to him than life, which has yet remained unſullied under the princes of the houſe of Brunſwick, and which he truſts will be tranſmitted pure and uncontaminated to the lateſt generations. Animated by ſuch ſentiments, he has naturally deſired to be placed in a ſituation where he can act according to the feelings of his heart, and the dictates of his conſcience.

In making the offer, in again repeating it, the Prince of Wales conſiders that he has only performed his duty to himſelf, to the ſtate, to the king, to Europe, whoſe fate may be involved in the iſſue of this conteſt. If this tender of his ſervices is rejected, he ſhall ever lament that all his efforts have been fruitleſs, and that he has been deprived of making thoſe exertions, which the circumſtances of the empire, his own inclinations, and his early and long attention to military affairs, would have rendered ſo particularly grateful to himſelf, and, he truſts, not entirely uſeleſs to the public.

Downing-ſtreet, July 27, 1803.

Upon receiving the letter, with which Mr. Addington was laſt week honoured by the Prince of Wales, he aſſured his royal highneſs that it ſhould be immediately laid before the king: this was accordingly done, and the letter is ſtill in his majeſty's poſſeſſion. A communication was afterwards made to his royal highneſs the Prince of Wales, in a mode, and through a channel, which Mr. Addington humbly hoped his royal highneſs would approve. Mr. Addington, however, now finds it to be incumbent on him, in conſequence of the expectation which

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has been expreſſed by his royal highneſs, to ſtate, that his majeſty, on being informed of the ſentiments and wiſhes of the Prince of Wales, applauded, in the ſtrongeſt manner, the feelings by which his royal highneſs is actuated, but referred neverth leſs to the anſwers which his majeſty had judged it neceſſary to return to ſimilar repreſentations, which, in obedience to the commands of his royal highneſs, had been laid before his majeſty upon former occaſions.

Carlton Houſe, July 28, 1803.

The Prince of Wales has received Mr. Addington's written communication of the laſt night. The Prince of Wales has only to obſerve, that he requires Mr. A. to ſubmit to his majeſty his laſt note, dated the 26th of this month.

Downing-ſtreet, July 28, 1803, *half-paſt* 11, *P. M.*

Mr. Addington is juſt honoured with the commands of the Prince of Wales, and will not fail to lay his royal highneſs's letter, dated the 20th of this month, before the king.

SIR, *Downing-ſtreet, Aug.* 1.

In obedience to the commands of your royal highneſs, I laid before his majeſty the letter dated 26th July, with which your royal highneſs had honoured me, and I have it in command from his majeſty to acquaint your royal highneſs, that "the king has referred Mr. Addington to the order he had before given him, with the addition—that the king's opinion being fixed, he deſired that no further mention ſhould be made to him upon the ſubject."

I have the honour to be,
With, Sir, every ſentiment of reſpect and deference,
Your royal highneſs's
Moſt obedient humble ſervant,
(Signed) HENRY ADDINGTON.

LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR,

A correſpondence has taken place between Mr. Addington and myſelf on a ſubject which deeply involves my honour and character. The anſwers which I have received from that gentleman, the communication which he has made to the Houſe of Commons, leave me no hope but in an appeal to the juſtice of your majeſty. I make that appeal with confidence, becauſe I feel that you are my natural advocate, and with the ſanguine hope that the ears of an affectionate father may ſtill be opened to the ſupplications of a dutiful ſon.

I aſk to be allowed to diſplay the beſt energies of my character; to ſhed the laſt drop of my blood in ſupport of your majeſty's perſon, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for exiſtence. In this conteſt, the loweſt and humbleſt of your majeſty's ſubjects have been called on—it would therefore little become me, who am the firſt and who ſtand at the very footſtool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and lifeleſs ſpectator of the miſchiefs which threaten us, unconſcious of the dangers which ſurround us, and indifferent to the conſequences which may follow. Hanover is loſt; England is menaced with invaſion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is at the foot of France. At ſuch a moment the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your ſervants in zeal and devotion—to none of your ſubjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderneſs and affection, preſumes to approach you, and again to repeat thoſe offers which he has already made through your majeſty's miniſter. A feeling of honeſt ambition; a ſenſe of what I owe to myſelf and to my family; and, above all, the fear of ſinking in the eſtimation of that gallant army which may be the ſupport of your majeſty's crown, and my beſt hope hereafter, command me to perſevere, and to aſſure your majeſty, with all humility and reſpect, that, conſcious of the juſtice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquiſh it.

Allow me to ſay, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and ſacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to ſhare in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to loſe by defeat? The higheſt places in your majeſty's ſervice are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is aſſigned. I am not thought worthy to be the junior major-general of your army. If I could ſubmit in ſilence to ſuch indignities, I ſhould indeed deſerve ſuch treatment, and prove to the ſatisfaction of your enemies, and my own, that I am entirely incapable of thoſe exertions, which my birth, and the circumſtances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing ſo near the throne, when I am debaſed, the cauſe of royalty is wounded: I cannot ſink in public opinion without the participation of your majeſty in my degradation. Therefore, every motive of private feeling, and of public duty, induce me to implore your majeſty, to review your deciſion, and to place me in that ſituation, which my birth, the duties of my ſtation, the example of my predeceſſors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim.

Should I be diſappointed in the hope which I have formed, ſhould this laſt appeal to the juſtice of my ſovereign, and the affection of my father, fail of ſucceſs, I ſhall lament in ſilent

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ſubmiſſion his determination; but Europe, the world, and poſterity muſt judge between us.

I have done my duty; my conſcience acquits me; my reaſon tells me that I was perfectly juſtified in the requeſt which I have made, becauſe no reaſonable arguments have ever been adduced in anſwer to my pretenſions. The precedents in our hiſtory are in my favour; but if they were not, the times in which we live, and eſpecially the exigencies of the preſent moment, require us to become an example to our poſterity.

No other cauſe of refuſal has, or can be aſſigned, except that it was the will of your majeſty. To that will and pleaſure I bow with every degree of humility and reſignation; but I can never ceaſe to complain of the ſeverity which has been exerciſed againſt me, and of the injuſtice which I have ſuffered, till I ceaſe to exiſt.

I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,
With all poſſible devotion,
Your majeſty's moſt dutiful and affectionate ſon and ſubject,
(Signed) G. P.

Brighton, Auguſt 6.

FROM THE KING.

My Dear Son, *Windſor, Auguſt 7*, 1803.

Though I applaud your zeal and your ſpirit, of which, I truſt, no one can ſuppoſe any of my family wanting; yet, conſidering the repeated declarations I have made of my determination on your former applications to the ſame purpoſe, I had flattered myſelf to have heard no farther on the ſubject. Should the implacable enemy ſo far ſucceed as to land, you will have an opportunity of ſhewing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to ſtand forward on ſuch an occaſion; and I ſhall certainly think it mine to ſet an example in defence of every thing that is dear to me and to my people.

I ever remain, my dear ſon,
Your moſt affectionate father,
(Signed) G. R.

FROM THE PRINCE TO THE KING.

Sir, *Brighton, 22d Auguſt*, 1803.

I have delayed thus long an anſwer to the letter which your majeſty did me the honour to write, from a wiſh to refer to a former correſpondence, which took place between us, in the year 1798. Thoſe letters were miſlaid, and ſome days elapſed before I could diſcover them; they have ſince been found. Allow me, then, Sir, to recall to your recollection the expreſſions you were graciouſly pleaſed to uſe, and which I once before

took the liberty of reminding you of, when I ſolicited foreign ſervice, upon my firſt coming into the army. They were, Sir, that your majeſty did not then ſee the opportunity for it; but that if any thing was to ariſe at home, I ought to be "firſt and foremoſt." There cannot be a ſtronger expreſſion in the Engliſh language, or one more conſonant to the feelings which animate my heart. In this I agree moſt perfectly with your majeſty, "I ought to be firſt and foremoſt." It is the place which my birth aſſigns me—which Europe, which the Engliſh nation, expect me to fill; and which the former aſſurances of your majeſty might naturally have led me to hope I ſhould occupy. After ſuch a declaration, I could hardly expect to be told, that my place was at the head of a regiment of dragoons.

I underſtand from your majeſty, that it is your intention, Sir, in purſuance of that noble example which you have ever ſhewn during the courſe of your reign, to place yourſelf at the head of the people of England. My next brother, the Duke of York, commands the army; the younger branches of my family are either generals or lieutenant-generals; and I, who am the Prince of Wales, am to remain a colonel of dragoons. There is ſomething ſo humiliating in the contraſt, that thoſe who are at a diſtance would either doubt the reality, or ſuppoſe that to be my fault which is only my misfortune.

Who could imagine that I, who am the oldeſt colonel in the ſervice, had aſked for the rank of a general officer in the army of the king my father, and that it had been refuſed me!

I am ſorry, much more than ſorry, to be obliged to break in upon your leiſure, and to treſpaſs thus a ſecond time on the attention of your majeſty. But I have, Sir, an intereſt in my character more valuable to me than the throne, and dearer, far dearer, to me than life. I am called upon by that intereſt to perſevere, and I pledge myſelf never to deſiſt till I receive that ſatisfaction which the juſtice of my claim leads me to expect.

In theſe unhappy times, the world, Sir, examines the conduct of princes with a jealous, a ſcrutiniſing, a malignant eye. No man is more aware than I am of the exiſtence of ſuch a diſpoſition, and no man is therefore more determined to place himſelf above all ſuſpicion.

In deſiring to be placed in a forward ſituation, I have performed one duty to the people of England; I muſt now perform another, and humbly ſupplicate your majeſty to aſſign thoſe reaſons which have induced you to refuſe a requeſt which appears to me and to the world ſo reaſonable and ſo rational.

I muſt again repeat my concern that I am obliged to continue a correſpondence which I fear is not ſo grateful to your majeſty as I could wiſh. I have examined my own heart—I am convinced of the juſtice of my cauſe—of the purity of my motives. Reaſon and honour forbid me to yield: where no reaſon

is alledged I am juſtified in the concluſion that none can be given.

In this candid expoſition of the feelings which have agitated and depreſſed my wounded mind, I hope no expreſſion has eſcaped me which can be conſtrued to mean the ſlighteſt diſreſpect to your majeſty. I moſt ſolemnly diſavow any ſuch intention; but the circumſtances of the times—the danger of invaſion—the appeal which has been made to all your ſubjects, oblige me to recollect what I owe to mine own honour and to my own character, and to ſtate to your majeſty, with plainneſs, truth, and candour, but with all the ſubmiſſion of a ſubject and the duty of an affectionate ſon, the injuries under which I labour, and which it is in the power of your majeſty alone at one moment to redreſs.

It is with ſentiments of the profoundeſt veneration and reſpect, that I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your majeſty's moſt dutiful,
Moſt obedient ſon and ſubject,
(Signed) G. P.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LONDON FASHIONS *for* DECEMBER.

Walking Dress.

A Short round dreſs of white muſlin, with a riſe dreſs of dark-green velvet. A riſe hat to correſpond with the dreſs.

Full Dreſs—A dreſs and petticoat of white crape; the bottom of the dreſs ſloped very high before, and bound all round with white ribbon, a full trimming of white lace ſewed to the edge of the ribbon; the boſom trimmed with broad lace, drawn to form a tucker; the ſleeves very ſhort, trimmed with lace. The hair dreſſed in the moſt faſhionable manner.

Head Dreſſes—A ſtraw hat turned up in front, lined with coloured velvet, and tied under the chin with ribbon of the ſame colour. A morning bonnet of fine ſtraw, tied down with a ſilk handkerchief. A dreſs cap of yellow ſilk and black lace, a bunch of yellow flowers in front. A morning cap of fine ſprigged muſlin, with a puffing of lace all round the front; white ſtrings. A cap of white muſlin, with a full border of white lace, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A cap of muſlin and lace, with a bunch of red roſes in front. A Mameluke turban, of ſcarlet and white velvet. A hat of black velvet, turned up all round and trimmed with bows of ribbon. A cloſe bonnet of black velvet and pink ſilk, a bow of black ribbon on the top.

General

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The dreſſes are made very ſhort waiſted, and very low in the back; and in almoſt every part of them there is lace. For full dreſs, crape is much worn. Oſtrich feathers of all colours are univerſal. Pelices and ſpencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The moſt favourite colours for them are dark green, ſky blue, and black; the military fronts are generally adopted. For undreſs, ſilver bear muffs and tippets are worn; for dreſs ſwanſdown.

Anecdotes of Bonaparte, Chief Conſul of France.

THE firſt conſul, a Corſican by birth, and thirty-three years of age, is a well-made little man, with fine teeth and hands, black eyes, and a noſe ſomething approaching to the Roman; complexion very ſallow, and cheeks ſunk in; features ſharp. He wears his dark brown hair combed down in front, and cropped very ſhort behind and round the ears. He keeps a firm and graceful ſeat on horſeback, and his perſon is then ſeen to moſt advantage. He has an intelligent ſpirit in his countenance, and an eye that beſpeaks an uncommon mind. At the grand parade he generally wears a plain cocked hat, and blue coat with a ſcarlet collar, white waiſtcoat, and nankeen or white kerſeymere pantaloons, and half boots. His white charger was the trained favourite of Louis XVI.

Of his energetic mode of expreſſing himſelf the following is an inſtance. Soon after his attaining the chief power, ſome of the jacobin agents waited upon him, in the name of the whole body, to diſſuade him from making peace till monarchy was totally annihilated. "What gentlemen," ſaid the hero, "you have revolutioniſed France, and the greateſt part of Europe, and you ſtill want freſh revolutions. Go and tell theſe gentlemen, from me, that I have ten thouſand tried troops in Paris; and if I had but fifteen hundred, I ſhould find no difficulty in cruſhing them." As the ſpeech loſes by a tranſlation, we ſhall give it in French alſo:—

"Quoi meſſieurs, vous avez revolutionne la France, & la plus grande partie de l'Europe, et vous voulez encore des revolutions. Allez dire a ces meſſieurs, de ma part, que j'ai dix mille hommes de troupes elites a Paris, & que ſi je n'avois que quinze cents, je ſcaurois bien les *ecraſer*."

When dictating letters or diſpatches to his ſecretaries, he generally holds a penknife open in his hands, and digs it violently into the arm of his chair, which is entirely diſfigured by this practice.

When Bourienne, his private ſecretary, hinted to him, that the weight of buſineſs was too great, and that he ſhould be glad to have an aſſiſtant; Bonaparte looking him full in the face, replied briefly, "There is one too many already entruſted with

the important ſecrets of the republic; but I cannot do every thing myſelf."

Bonaparte's diſcernment is ſo acute, that in riding down the ranks of ten thouſand men, he will notice the leaſt fault in a ſoldier's dreſs, poſition, or attitude, and point the man out to his officer next day; and this, it is ſaid, he continually does after the grand parades.

When Sir Sidney Smith defended Acre againſt Bonaparte, at every repulſe, the former could diſtinguiſh the firſt conſul ſeat himſelf on a drum, with his hand to his forehead, in a thoughtful and melancholy poſture; and after a ſhort pauſe, ſtart up, draw his ſword, and give orders; an immediate buſtle always enſued in the army, and this was the ſignal for Sir Sidney to be on his guard. The ſharp ſhooters of the French army, thrice in one day, ſhot Sir Sidney's hat off, while peeping above the parapet, to make theſe obſervations with his glaſs.

It was hinted to Bonaparte, by a friend, that Moreau was much liked and admired by the Pariſians. "He deſerves it," ſaid the hero, "but he is too good-natured and eaſy to govern them; they would ſoon trample upon his authority."

Among his private friends, the firſt conſul is free and affable, but very abſtemious and temperate at table.

Soon after his return from Egypt, he was invited to a ſumptuous dinner, given by the jacobins, in the church of St. Sulpice (as being the moſt commodious and roomy place), he would not taſte any diſh at table, but waited till the deſert, when he ate one ſingle apple and drank a glaſs of wine.

When a youth, at the military ſchool in Paris (the ſtables of which are now occupied by his cavalry guard), he was very reſerved and ſtudious, ſerious and grave, never mixing much in the company of his ſchoolfellows, or giving into their diſſipations, but applying himſelf aſſiduouſly to his books, and to hiſtory in particular.

In a late viſit that he made to the pupils at the college of St. Cyr, he obſerved to them, that he hoped they would avail themſelves of the fine opportunity they had of acquiring knowledge, and added, "You have an example in me, of what diligent application at ſchool will do, when afterwards an opportunity occurs to make uſe of it. I was born with fewer advantages than you now poſſeſs, and you may all, one day or other, in different degrees, raiſe yourſelves to honour and dignified ſtations in the republic, by attention to your ſtudies now."

Though Bonaparte finds it prudent to be on his guard, and uſe precaution againſt aſſaſſination, yet he appears not to know what fear is, but is always cool, collected, and affable to thoſe about him, and ſeems rather to preſerve his life for the republic than for himſelf.

However

However contradictory the following aſſertion may be to the plauſible aſperſions of the preſent day, yet a young officer, who had been in almoſt every battle with Bonaparte, avers, that he was always eager to ſave the effuſion of blood, and extremely humane to the wounded and priſoners; and that in the paſſage of Mount St. Bernard, he hardily expoſed himſelf to the moſt uncommon fatigue, ſleeping on the ſnow, and depriving himſelf of every comfort that his rank entitled him to, in order to give an example to his officers and men.

ACCOUNT *of a remarkable* METEOR.

A Meteor that was ſeen on Sunday, November 13, 1803, between eight and nine o'clock, attracted the notice of all thoſe who happened to ſee it, for a conſiderable diſtance round the metropolis. It had an oval form, and was followed by ſparks, which gave it ſomewhat the appearance of having a tail. It emitted a very vivid blue light. It moved with great velocity in a north-weſt direction, and diſappeared by entering a thick black cloud: a few ſeconds after which a moſt awful rumbling noiſe, like diſtant thunder, or a heavy diſcharge of artillery, was heard: the whole of the metropolis was illuminated by it. The paſſengers in Leiceſter-fields were particularly affected by it, and ſeveral females were ſo much alarmed by it that they ſcreamed out. It was obſerved near the Horſe Guards, in Weſtminſter, to paſs about 28 or 30 degrees to the ſouthward of the zenith, and about 28 or 29 minutes after the hour of eight by that clock, which is well and conſtantly regulated to true or near time; the whole time the light occaſioned by the meteor laſted was not eſtimated to exceed five or ſix ſeconds.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday night, the ſame ball of fire appeared over Lewes, which for ſeveral ſeconds illumined the hemiſphere in an extraordinary manner. A perſon returning from Brighton, on the roof of a coach, aſſerts, the light was ſo ſtrong that it enabled him to ſee, not only the cattle and ſheep in the diſtant meadows, but alſo the ſhipping at ſea. Its burſting was felt at ſeveral houſes, which it actually ſhook, and ſo alarmed their inhabitants, that they ſtarted from their ſeats, as if in fear of being overwhelmed with deſtruction.

On Sunday evening the inhabitants of Rocheſter and neighbourhood were much alarmed by the uncommon luminous meteor already mentioned. The light was ſo great for the ſpace of a minute, that objects were diſcerned at a conſiderable diſtance: it was followed by a tremulous noiſe. It was alſo ſeen at Dover, Cranbrook, Chelmsford, Southampton, &c.

This phenomenon is not calculated to excite that terror and dread which in the dark ages of ſuperſtition the deſigning were

wont

wont to raiſe. A compariſon of well-authenticated facts authorize a concluſion that ſimilar events are by no means uncommon; but by happening in the day-time, or after the inhabitants have in general retired to reſt, they are obſerved but by few; and the relation, if made, diſregarded; and it is perhaps as much owing to the time of the evening in which this meteor appeared, as to its magnitude and brilliancy, that it has excited ſo much curioſity.

Obſervations on the Influence of great Cities on the Proſperity of Countries.

By M. Vandermonde, Profeſſor of Political Economy, &c.

IT is to the buſtle and agitation of great cities that we are indebted for the general fermentation of induſtry and exertion, and the firſt principle of abundance and plenty of every ſpecies of productions. Great cities are, at once, the effect and the cauſe of the proſperity of nations in modern times. It has been proved by facts, that this proſperity bears a proportion in the different countries of Europe, to the number of their large communities, to their population, and the activity that prevails in them. The growing proſperity of England, which has been on the increaſe for fifty years, has given birth to large eſtabliſhments in places where formerly only a few houſes were to be found. New quarters have been built at London, ſo extenſive, that they might by themſelves be compared to the capital cities of indigent nations. If the declamations which are at preſent ſo much in faſhion againſt large cities, and particularly capital cities, had any foundation in reaſon, England muſt have been at this period the worſt cultivated country in Europe.

Holland likewiſe, where the towns are more populous and flouriſhing than cities in other countries, which have been celebrated in hiſtory, muſt, for the ſame reaſon, be overſpread with thiſtles; but it is not the caſe. There is not a ſquare foot of ground in Holland that lies uncultivated, and agriculture continues every day to make further progreſs in England. The common cant of declaiming againſt large cities, originated in ſeveral cauſes, which it might, perhaps, be invidious to ſtate; I ſhall content myſelf with mentioning a ſingle cauſe. One of the moſt popular works among the numerous claſs of ignorant perſons, whoſe itch for talking has made them feel the neceſſity of procuring information, is Filangieri's Treatiſe on Legiſlation. The author is lucid and methodical, and his table of chapters is tolerably complete; that is a convenience for idle talkers;—Filangieri declaims in ſeveral paſſages againſt large towns in general, and particularly againſt capital cities. It muſt be re-

marked, however, that he has the good ſenſe to ſay in book 11, chapter 26, "Bring men together, and you will make them induſtrious and active; ſeparate them, and you will turn them into ſavages, incapable of forming any idea of their own improvement." It is evident, beſides, that all his arguments apply to the inequality of conditions, and the conſequences that reſult from it; and he ſhould have remarked, that without capital cities, their conſequences would be much more grievous.

Corruption is, undoubtedly, much more diffuſed in England than in France; and Engliſhmen, in general, are more ſubject to the influence of mercenary conſiderations than Frenchmen are found to be; the reaſon is that our nobleſſe ſeldom quitted Paris and its environs, and the peers and great landed proprietors of England paſs the greateſt part of their time on their eſtates. Let us ſuppoſe an equality eſtabliſhed in immenſe cities, and then Filangieri's opinion will not be an abſurdity, as the former ſuppoſition implies no contradiction. The ſame author has declared for the celebrated maxim of the diſciples of Queſnai, "Laiſſez faire, et laiſſez paſſer;" that is, let induſtry be carried on without any ſhackles or regulations. And yet he has the good ſenſe to ſay in book 11, chapter 21, "It is in the art of knowing the occaſions when government ought to order, and when it ought to permit, that the true ſcience of government ought to conſiſt." Theſe contradictory aſſertions do honour to his frankneſs and ſincerity. With reſpect to large corporations they ought to form themſelves, and ſubſiſt without the efforts or the reſtraints of government; and if people are deſirous of preſerving the unity and indiviſibility of a large ſtate, they ought to ſuffer an immenſe population to accumulate around the centre of government. Thoſe that imagine large cities to be unfavourable to general liberty are deceived by the plauſibility of falſe analogies.

It has been judiciouſly aſſerted, that the effects of canals and navigation in general, may be compared with propriety to a crowded population on a ſmall ſpace of territory. The propoſition is evidently juſt, and ought to impreſs the rulers of ſtates with an idea of the great utility of every ſpecies of navigation. It was proved to me five years ſince, that a load of wood in the foreſt of Orleans was only worth fifteen ſols, and that money advanced for the purpoſe of making canals to convey the wood, would be reimburſed in two or three years. The ſoil of France preſents ſeveral inſtances of this nature; and liberty and paper circulation will, probably, in twenty-five years, triple the total produce of France.

On

On the FALL *of the* LEAF.

WHO can behold the face of nature, at this feaſon of the year, and not lament its dreary appearance? The leaves have loſt their beautiful verdure, and, as in a mirror, repreſent the tranſitory nature of all ſublunary things. "He builds too low," ſaith the poet, "who builds beneath the ſtars."

Our bodies are like the leaves, ſubject to decay: however they may flouriſh for a time, and appear beautiful, death ſoon cauſes the faireſt cheek to fade, and lays all our towering hopes in the grave. Youth is not exempt from the ravages of death, for the youngeſt and the moſt healthy may die the ſooneſt. Learning and piety will not protect us from death: the moſt wiſe are mingled with the dead, and lie promiſcuous with the fooliſh.

There is no reſpect of perſons in the common war of mortality: the king muſt die as well as the beggar; the earl as well as the peaſant; the magiſtrate as well as the people; the preacher as well as his hearers. Different calamities carry off mankind: the plague, which ſwept away thouſands, as mentioned in the Old Teſtament. In a more recent date, in the metropolis of our kingdom, died 35,417 perſons; at another time, 68,586. The peſtilence, which deſtroyed, in the days of King David, 70,000 men. Famine, which has ſwept away many inhabitants, as for inſtance, thoſe of Samaria. Earthquakes, which deſtroyed the inhabitants of Liſbon and Meſſina. War, which has deſolated the greateſt part of the world.

Our poſſeſſions are likewiſe ſubject to decay. Job, the richeſt man of the eaſt to-day, is the pooreſt to-morrow. What unexpected revolutions happen to empires! the kingdom of Iſrael; the Babylonian monarchy; the kingdom of the Medes and Perſians; the Grecian monarchy; the kingdom of the Romans; the kingdom of France. What ſtrange and awful judgments happen to deſpoil the beauty of cities, and to diſpoſſeſs the owners of their property. In the great fire at London, we are informed from chronology, that 13,200 houſes were burnt, beſides 89 churches, and many other edifices. How did the ſword of Titus devaſtate the beautiful city of Jeruſalem, together with her magnificent temple! A time will come when the great globe itſelf will be deſtroyed.

Our relations and friends may ſoon fade, as the leaves; however, we may now eſteem them, death will take no denial. Neither the moſt beloved partner, nor darling child, will be ſpared, if God ſend the ſummons of death.—Our comforts are alſo fluctuating, and may ſoon decay. Happineſs is not the portion of mortals: it is deſigned for a better world. May all changing ſcenes have a tendency to bring us to that happy place!

Ebley. T. M.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER *of* JOHN FOX.

THE ingenious Mr. Pennant, though a zealot againſt popery, could not help reflecting ſeverely on Fox's intemperate zeal, in making a martyr of an enthuſiaſt who ſuffered for attempting to kill a prieſt while officiating at the altar.

"It is with a kind of horror I read in the zealous Fox, of an outrage of this ſort, committed in our own kingdom, in the reign of Queen Mary. The enthuſiaſt was taken and puniſhed, by the ſtriking off the criminal hand, and by being burnt: yet the hiſtorian gives him a place among the more well-meaning ſufferers of that barbarous period."

AN ANECDOTE.

AN impoſtor, who pretended to be a Welch clergyman, and who produced letters of orders, the date of which unhappily diſagreed with his age at leaſt twenty years, has for ſome time paſt been levying contributions in the weſt of Cornwall, on ſuch of the humane and charitable as took no trouble to inveſtigate his character; and he might have continued his impoſitions longer had not the following circumſtance exhibited the man in his proper colours.

He lodged ſome nights at a houſe in P——, where vagrants are accommodated, and at length enticed the miſtreſs of the houſe to elope with him. The huſband, the next morning, having learned their route, purſued them, in an agony of grief and jealouſy, and overtaking them at Helſton, at a receptacle of vagabonds ſimilar to his own, the interview was rather curious. He found his wife, and her paramour, ſitting on the ſide of a bed, the parſon mending his old boots, and his wife mending the parſon's breeches.

The injured huſband demanded of his pretended reverence, in a vociferous manner, why he had taken away his wife; but ſhe, unabaſhed at her conduct, addreſſed him in a low tone of voice, but with eager and impreſſive geſtures, "Huſh, Jahn, huſh! for God's ſake hold your tongue! Take care what you ſay, Jahn, for he is a parſon!"

Poor John, being threatened with violence from both the parties, was obliged to return home without his wife, who came back however, a few days after, knowing her huſband to be abſent, and ſhewed ſuch an inſtance of moral and natural depravity, as, for the honour of human nature, ſeldom occurs in the hiſtory of mankind; for ſhe ſtripped the houſe of the linen, and every thing valuable, and from the ſhrieks and entreaties of five children, the youngeſt but fourteen months old, ruſhed out of the houſe, and followed her infamous gallant!

Anſwer, by J. Rouſell, of Lopen, to E. Penney's Charade, inſerted October 24.

BALLER, Sir, is your friend's name,
Your puzzling lines will prove the ſame.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Horſey, and W. Row, of Wellington; J. Ball, and Primroſe, of Taunton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

Anſwer, by J Channon, of Ottery, to G. W.'s Enigma, inſerted October 24.

BEHOLD the infant ſmiling on his mother's knee,
Its there, my friend, ſweet INNOCENCE you ſee.
May each, like him, from ſin refrain,
Then we with ſaints in Heaven ſhall reign.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; John Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Rowe, of Wellington; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth, W. Mann, of Aſhburton; G. H. of Stoke Abbot; J. Ball, and Primroſe, of Taunton; R. Holwell, and J Squance, of Exeter; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A REBUS, *by T Bullock, of St Columb.*

WHAT uſeful is to all mankind;
What moſt adorns the human mind;
What yields the babe its luſcious pap;
What ladies oft take on their lap;
What often hoots and howls by night;
What always ſhuns the human ſight;
What next? Why the initials ſhew
What oft affords you light. Adieu!

A CHARADE, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

WHEN the Creator's powerful word gave birth,
And ſpake from nothing this ſtupendous earth,
Then did he *circumſcribe* the orbs above,
That the aſſemblage ſhould in order move;
My next th' emblazon'd ſhield will quickly ſhow,
With the bright colours that conſpicuous glow:
My whole I've ſeen ſuſpended in the air,
Which doth the great Almighty's ſkill declare.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

THE ſabbath-breaking drunkard, void of grace,
Abuſing nature, feels my tight embrace;
I alſo puniſh him who is ſo vile,
And doth his hours in idleneſs beguile;
But think not I'm to puniſhing confin'd,
I move in higher ſpheres, as you will find;
Peers, citizens, and Jews on me depend,
And by my means their fortunes make or mend
When I am up: but ſtop, I ſometimes fall,
And lawyer-like, I fleece my clients all;
For as the lucky wheel, ſo great's my power,
I make and mar a fortune in an hour.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO THE SOLDIER-HUNTERS.

WHEN common-ſenſe is out of faſhion,
And folly proves the ruling paſſion,
Each patriot muſe ſhould uſe her art
To purify the poiſon'd heart;
And teach the world the noble plan
Of ſerving God, and ſerving man.
But few, I fear, poſſeſs the ſkill
Of bending mortals' ſtubborn will,
For whilſt vain pride uſurps dominion
'Tis hard to alter man's opinion:
I ſay, for inſtance, I'm a *poet*,
And humbly beg mankind to know it,
Yet tho' they read my boaſted ſong,
'Tisten to one they'll think I'm wrong,
But let them reaſon as they will,
I judge myſelf a poet ſtill!
Thus man is ſo perverſely bent,
So unconvinc'd by argument,
That all philoſophers may ſay
Is breath profuſely thrown away;
If this be true, how ſhall *I* dare
To check the follies of the fair?
How live beneath the killing frown
Of half the graces in the town?
But ſince, at virtue's law, they ſneer,
And, by immodeſt acts, appear,
So ſoldier-mad, that each parade is
Surrounded by a hoſt of ladies,
I am reſolv'd to let them know
How wrong they are in acting ſo;
And thus my ſentiments expreſs,
Sincerely, in this ſhort addreſs.

Ye fair admirers of the *feather*,
Who, oft diſdaining wind and weather,
I daily view, in warm purſuit,
(Reſolv'd to taſte forbidden fruit)
Oh! let the humbleſt muſe's ſong
Awhile detain you from the throng;
A muſe for ever proud to prove
The advocate of *virtuous love*.

I bluſh, miſtaken nymphs, to ſee
The triumphs of immodeſty!
To mark you, in the ſtreets and fields,
Still ſkulking at a *ſoldier's* heels,
Who, in return, your arts deſpiſe,
And view you with diſdainful eyes;
Or ſhould they, *wondrous condeſcenſion!*
Appear to pay ſome ſlight attention,
Yet at the meſs, you oft afford
A fund of laughter round the board,
Where all your acts become, at beſt,
The cauſe of ſome indecent jeſt.

Were you the dupes of real love,
I'd pity what I now reprove;
Did you, for *one* ſweet ſoldier long,
I ſhould not think you acted wrong;
But 'tis not *one*—'tis *all* together,—
All who diſplay a cap and feather.
While charming ſcarlet is in view,
No chance remains for black and blue;
E'en wit and wiſdom you deſpiſe,
And think that dreſs their want ſupplies;
I'll venture to affirm—a goat,
Emblazon'd with a ſcarlet coat,
Would gain from you more juſt renown
Than all the lawyers' clerks in town:
His branching head might well be borne—
Few *men* appear without a horn.

But think not, gentle fair, that ſpite
Or envy cauſes me to write;
You cannot be ſo weak to dream,
That jealouſy inſpires my theme?
Ah no! I covet not your graces,
Your angel-forms, or beauteous faces;
Such gifts can ne'er my ſoul ſubdue,
Unleſs the *mind* is charming too:
I ſcorn thoſe hearts that, void of ſhame,
Delight to fan a lawleſs flame;
That, loſt to honour, madly ſtray
From virtue's too-neglected way,
And, careleſs of the world's diſgrace,
Degrade and ſtigmatize their race.

I doubt not, ladies, you'll abuſe
This faithful leſſon from the muſe,
But tho' I forfeit your applauſe,
I'll boldly write in virtue's cauſe:
Then do your worſt: let ſlander looſe,
With all her engines of abuſe;
I'll brave the ſtorm, and mock your art;
No ſtorm can ſhake the virtuous heart:
You all are ſlaves I plainly ſee;
The ſlave of ſlaves I'll never be.

Dock, Devon.

PALEMON,

FALL

FALL *or* CONQUER:

A WAR SONG.

BRITONS! who in rapt'rous ſtrains,
Of Agincourt's and Creſſy's plains
Oft have ſung; to foreign chains,
You who ne'er have bent the knee,
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach fell Gallia's pow'r,
Rapine, chains, and ſlavery!

Who will be a traitor, knave,
Who would fill a coward's grave,
Who ſo baſe as be a ſlave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!
Whom ſhall Gallic threats appal?
Fly to glory's clarion call;
Freemen ſtand or freemen fall—
Sons of Britain, on with me!

Parents, wives, and children dear,
Your's our gen'rous toils to cheer;
Arm'd for you, we know not fear,
For you, our laws, and liberty.
Tho' Auſtria ſhrink, tho' Ruſſia fail,
Tho' tenfold perils aye aſſail,
Still ſhall Britiſh arms prevail,
Alone, ſhall Britain conqu'ror be.

By Helvetia's ſighs and moans,
By England's wrongs, by Europe's groans,
Open, earth, receive our bones,
Drink our blood, or keep us free;
Lay each raſh invader low;
Ruffians fall in every foe,
Freedom ſtrikes in every blow:
Freedom who'll not bleed for thee?

On injur'd Egypt's moiſten'd ſand,
Shrunk not France's vanquiſh'd band
Cruſh'd by Britain's vengeful hand?
What, then, here muſt be their fate!
Think, brave youths, on Nelſon's name,
On Abercromby's well-earn'd fame,
And let each ſtroke in blood proclaim
Equal valours, deadlier hate!

Soldiers, our's a glorious part;
God of battles! ſteel each heart,
Valour, ſtrength, and fire impart!
Now to our high deſtiny:
"Fall or conquer!" Bluſh, bright ſun!
Should'ſt thou ſee us backward run
Till the bloody battle's won:
On—to death or victory!

HENRY *and* EMMA.

THE midnight moon ſerenely ſhed
Her ſilver ſoft-reflected light
On every riſing mountain's head,
Whilſt yet the vales were hid in night;

Where Tamer's ſtreams adown the plain
In many a wild meander ſtray,
With hurried ſteps a ſhepherd-ſwain
Deſponding pac'd his gloomy way.

"Whither (he cry'd) has flown my
"love?
"My once fond maid has prov'd
"unkind;
"Forlorn thro' pathleſs wilds I rove,
"And ſtrive to leave my cares be-
"hind.

"Where ſhall a wretched wanderer
"roam?
"Where from his deep-felt ſorrows
"fly?
"I dare not turn me to my home,
"For Emma's falſe, and I muſt die.

"Yon ſilver orb, whoſe ray benign,
"Whoſe milder beam with ſoft
"controul
"Gladdens each ſhepherd's heart but
"mine,
"Spreads darker horror o'er my
"ſoul.

"Fled is the fond deluſive dream
"Which hope upheld to fancy's
"eye;
"Gone like the meteor's ſhadowy
"gleam,
"For Emma's falſe, and I muſt die.

"Ye winds that murmur down the
"dale,
"Ye echoes that repeat my ſighs,
"To Emma's ear convey the tale
"That ſays, for her, her Henry
"dies."

Then on the Tamer's brink he ſtood,
And rais'd to Heaven his tear-fraught eye,
And as he plung'd him in the flood,
Said, "Emma's falſe, and thus I
"die!"

MELANCHOLY.

GO,—you may call it madneſs, folly,
You ſhall not chaſe my gloom away,
There's ſuch a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh! if you knew the penſive pleaſure,
That fills my boſom when I ſigh,
You would not rob me of a treaſure,
Monarchs are too poor to buy.